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each, Sunday after Sunday, by its respective votaries, so that the eye that would survey at a glance the several groups of felicity-hunting bipeds, should look down on the motley scene from a balloon sufficiently elevated to allow an entire county to be pictured at once on its retina. But now, (thanks to those demesne-owners who close their gates on the only day that they have a citizen to exclude,) there remains no choice for the seekers of amusement, but all tend to the same goal, with a perseverance that compels the superficialities of the rock road to take the air for the spaces of five miles and fifteen hours respectively. In former days the car-drivers were wont to enquire to what outlet you chose to be jolted; but at present you take your seat in solemn silence: there is but one way to go, and of course no questions need be asked; you are instantly rattled through Baggot-street, with five other practical optimists, and follow in the wake of a string of vehicles that extends to Kingstown, and continues eternally, going full and returning empty, with a regularity that can only be equalled by that delectable barge, the Liffey mud-lark, whose buckets fill and discharge themselves with the most indefatigable and odoriferous industry.

When you are once fairly on the high-way, your visible horizon approaches to within three yards of your optic nerve; you travel, like the children of Israel, with a pillar of a cloud before you, or, like Eneas, wrapt in a volume of mist for your garment, wearing, with every one else, the white livery of the road, and carrying dust and delight in either eye, until the cloud-compelling wheels have landed you at Burton's threshold, and then you are suddenly flung up on your feet and your own resources, to find or make amusement for yourself until dinner time.

The lions of Kingstown are of course very numerous, and each can always boast of a respectable number of spectators. In one delectable partment you may see a cluster of personages, who for the last six days have been chained to counters, gazing at the grim exterior of the prison-ship, led and kept there by the operation of heaven knows what sympathy, and shaking their heads pensively, on finding how few chances of escape it seems to afford. Literary characters are found in learned groups, studying the inscriptions on the four faces of that gem of a monument, which stands with true Irish politeness, sacred to the memory of a departed sovereign. The lovers of works of art may be seen toiling and stumbling along the new pier, and accumulating at its extremity into a crowd of gayly-attired and happy-visaged mortals, disposed to find pleasure in every thing, and looking with amateur eyes on sky, earth, and ocean; occasionally projecting their visual ray into dim distance, and exclaiming that the outline of the Welsh coast is distinctly visible.—While lovers of the works of nature, clamber over rocks, slippery with sea-weeds, and as they clamber, find incontestible proof of the truth of their own theory of their formation, whether they be Wernerians or Huttonians, drinkers of water, or eaters of fire. Gentlemen with check shirts and skirtless coats may occasionally be met with, who unceasingly sport the single nautical phrase which they had somehow or other picked up in their passage on board the twelve-penny steamer from Dublin to Kingstown, and seem extremely anxious to be considered as naval heroes; while demonstrators are often to be heard, puzzling themselves inextricably, in explaining to the fair damsels on

either arm, the manner in which news is telegraphed by the Martello towers. But as one does not leave Dublin for the purpose of meeting its inhabitants, it would be well to disentangle yourself from the town and its expanding suburbs altogether, and endeavour to be alone with nature, amid the cliffs with which she has quayed the coast all round the promontory. But you will find yourself never less alone than in those solitudes; you may scramble up a rock that is all but inaccessible, crawl along its summit, and cautiously approaching its verge, you may peep down the chasm that time and tide have made, when directly under you is described, not as you expected "a fathomless abyss," but a feeding family, father, mother, "et qui nascuntur ab illis," adding the report of their ale-bottles and city brogue to the roar of the breakers, and discussing, ham, fowl, "and all that," with as much indifference to their situation, as if papered walls and not naked rocks surrounded them: well you may exclaim: "The things themselves are neither strange nor rare, We wonder how the devil they got there."

If you still refuse to be gregarious, your only remaining resource is to set yourself resolutely to climbing the interminable steep of Killiney hill, whose summit avoids you like the visible horizon, and after an hour's labour with aching knees and noisy lungs, still appears to preserve the same distance; if, however, you have perseverance almost superhuman, you may at length begin to gain on the actual apex of the mountain; but there you are sure to discover the gay flutter of some aerial piece of female drapery, which assures you that you are once again anticipated by "a party of pleasure." However you need not regret the pains your elevation has cost you—they are amply repaid by the splendid Diorama stretched out beneath, beautiful enough to compel the flintiest breast to fall in love with nature at first sight. The prospect when, "Heaven is free from clouds," and when the smooth surface of old ocean rejoices in reflecting its "clear azure," is particularly propitious to meditation or to slumber, according as you happen to be organised. The pleasure-boats that seem to sleep as they quietly steal on their even course, are doubled by the mirror which they move on, and are met keel to keel by their intangible similitudes. Even the stern and strongly marked features of Bray-head, seem to be rounded off, by the universal tranquillity, into a reposing and flowing outline; and behind it appear clusters of mountain tops, all apparently anxious to view themselves in the looking-glass expanded beneath them. But it cannot now be far from your dinner hour, and you must think of descending and getting once more into "the cheerful haunts of men." A day has been spent at Kingstown, and sufficient material, of observation laid in, to make a description of Dublin character withal: To a quick and a keen relish for the beauties of nature, our townsmen add the most heroic self-devotion in the pursuit of recreation; and if to their love of Gresham's and geology, fossils and fun, at Kingstown, we add the amusement of the other six evenings at home, we find incontestible proofs of a general taste for literature, in the fact that nine-tenths of our population are either reading our national boast, the D. L. G. writing articles for its columns, or its Balaam boxes, or preparing paper, mending

pens, and biting nails, all mortal symptoms of the effort that always precedes an "original communication."

S. R.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

At the fourth general meeting of the Academy on Monday evening last, (Dr. Sadlier, S.F., T.C.D. in the chair,) the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Turin, vols. 32 and 33 were presented, as were the Madras Observatory Papers, and Experiments for Preserving human life from destruction by Fire, By Chev. Aldini. The thanks of the Academy were voted to the Donors.

A paper on Functions was read by Professor Hamilton, and referred to Council for publication.

A letter was read by Mr. D'Alton from the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, stating that they had prepared a copy of the Transactions of their Society for the R.I.A. which was intended to have been forwarded through Colonel Birch, of the Artillery, and requesting to know whether such a packet had reached the Academy. The Secretary was directed to reply in the negative. The meeting then adjourned.

FINE ARTS.

The fifth annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy will open, we understand, next week. It is expected to be a creditable display, though several distinguished members of the body have from illness, or other causes, been prevented from contributing much to the collection. Others, however, have made considerable exertion, and have surpassed even the best of their former efforts. The celebrated whole length portrait of His Majesty, painted by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, will, on this occasion, be for the first time exhibited to the public, who will also have the gratification of seeing two noble works of Sir Thomas's successor, our talented countryman, Martin Archer Shee. One of these is a portrait of the celebrated Chief Justice Avonmore. The academicians speak with enthusiastic admiration of an extraordinary work of precocious native genius, which they have procured for the exhibition, the production of Ford, a young self-taught painter, of Cork, who died at the early age of twenty. The subject—the expulsion of Satan from Heaven—is one with which a great mind only could dare to grapple with any rational hope of success; and we are assured that he has conceived it in a spirit of sublimity that would not have dishonoured the greatest painter of antiquity.

On this occasion too, the splendid gallery for the reception of the ancient as well as modern sculpture, recently built for the artists of Ireland, by Mrs. Johnston, at the desire of the late munificent and inestimable Founder and President of the Academy, will be thrown open. It is a magnificent and beautiful apartment.

In a country like ours, in which, unfortunately, the fine arts meet with so little encouragement or regard, and in which so few able artists can yet meet with sufficient inducements to remain among us, it is really wonderful that the academy should be able to produce so respectable an annual exhibition, as no picture is

ever permitted to be exhibited a second season. Were the display even less imposing than it is, the severity of criticism should be disarmed by a recollection of the untoward circumstances with which the academy has still to contend; but we trust, ere long, to claim for it the attention of the connoisseur, on other and higher grounds than those of kindness and forbearance.

MUSIC.

On Wednesday evening the Phil-harmonic Society had a delightful meeting; the last, we believe, for this season. Lutzov's *Wild Chase*, the overture to William Tell, and very many other beautiful pieces, were brilliantly performed: some of them were, we believe, considered as a sort of rehearsal for Barton's approaching concert, which promises a rich treat indeed to all who delight in 'the concord of sweet sounds.' By the bye, the lovers of "sweet song," are anticipating a glorious feast, in the concert which has been announced by the Misses Ashe for the 7th: the reputation of these celebrated vocalists is so well established, and they are such great and deserved favourites with the public, that we can do no more than add our tribute of applause to the general voice. The Misses Ashe have ensured the co-operation of all the principal musical talent now in town, and the attendance will, we know, be crowded and fashionable.—Considerable interest is excited by the expected debut of another member of this gifted family; we have heard that Miss Cecilia Ashe is a very accomplished musician, possessing a voice of great sweetness and power, and we are told that her personal attractions are equal to her musical talents. We have had a peep behind the curtain, and find that Miss Ashe is to favor us with 'a noveltie,' which few of our musical friends have yet heard.—We delight in her simple ballads: the grace and sweetness with which she invests the most apparently insignificant compositions, are quite peculiar to herself; and much as we admire her in her more scientific recitatives and cavatins, we must confess that the bewitching pathos and expression with which she gives us the sweet "plaintive ditties" of our own tongue, touches 'in the right place,' and goes *droit au coeur*. We beg our friend Spurzheim's pardon, we should have said *droit à la cervelle*. We bow to the excellent Doctor's system, and warmly recommend all who would have 'their marrow tingle with delight,' to repair to the Rotunda next Friday.

THE DRAMA.

We are gruelled for lack of matter in dramatic intelligence this week; our occupation as critics, though not absolutely gone like Othello's, being temporarily suspended according to the usage in such matters, so long as the performances at our theatre are appropriated for the benefit of members of the company. This has been the case during the past week, and we are sorry to say, the word *Benefit* has proved a solecism to many of the persons concerned. On Saturday evening, the comedy of *Paul Pry*, with the musical farce of *Brother and Sister*, were performed by command.

Mr. Yates and the Siamese elephant are expected to appear in Dublin on the 10th inst. and Miss Fanny Kemble immediately follows. This lady played Isabella, for her father's benefit on Wednesday last, at Covent-Garden theatre.

JOHN ROLLESTON, ESQ. K. C.

The death of this respected individual, on circuit, and while engaged in the discharge of his professional duties, was as sudden as it was universally lamented. We do not mean to write a funeral panegyric, nor would we wish to flatter even the dead; yet still are we desirous to record the name and talents of a distinguished countryman. Mr. Rolleston, although one of the oldest members of the bar, never acquired the highest practice: this resulted not from any deficiency in ability or information, but rather from an easiness of disposition, which induced him to rest satisfied with what he had without exerting himself to procure more—his relish for the enjoyments of life was, perhaps, too keen for the dull study of the law, which requires unrelaxed attention and unceasing mental labour. Lord Eldon's was, probably, the best reason—he did not come to the bar *without a shilling*. Nevertheless he has left a blank in his profession which we fear will not be readily filled up; he had the happiest turn for harmless ridicule of any man we ever listened to, a rich vein of humour which never failed him at the proper moment, and though not gifted with dazzling eloquence, he had ever at command a flow of language correctly expressed and perfectly suitable to his purpose. But what endeared him to us was his good old Irish humour, which invariably delighted the jury, and set the court in a roar. We remember to have heard him in reply to certain brilliant speeches of Messrs. North and Sheil, when by his admirable tact and wit he totally destroyed the effect of speeches of a description which he himself could never make; in the cross-examination of a comical or a roguish witness he was unrivalled. Be the witness ever so great a rogue or a humourist, the counsellor was a match for him. We liked him, and we regret him because he always made us merry, and because his speech was ever an antidote to dullness; we are of opinion that it is sometimes good to laugh: a philosopher has shrewdly remarked "that man is the only animal gifted with the power of laughter," and as nature has not given us this faculty in vain, reason as well as temperament sanction the practice, however vulgar it may be deemed by those solemn fops who, mistake gravity for wisdom, and whom we would remind, in the words of a celebrated writer, "that gravity is often a mystery of the body, assumed to conceal the defects of the mind, that the most solemn bird is the owl, and the most solemn beast the ass."

We remember many of our college companions gay and cheerful, and have been astonished at the sudden change which the wig has wrought, even in their physiognomy. They seem to consider it would be derogatory to the dignity of Barristers-at-law, ever to relax the muscles of their faces into a smile. We wish for their instruction, Mr. Rolleston were still living: he would teach them by his own excellent example, that it is possible to combine wit and humour with eloquence and argument; and that a man may venture to be a little pleasant, without losing all character for talent and discretion. In private life, Mr. Rolleston was playful in his manners, social and hospitable in his habits, cheerful in conversation, kind and benevolent in his disposition, and polite in his deportment.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

THE SHANNON.

River of billows! to whose mighty heart
The tide-wave rushes of the Atlantic sea—
River of quiet depths! by cultured lea,
Romantic wood, or city's crowded mart—
River of old poetic founts! that start
From their lone mountain-craddles, wild and free
Nursed with the fawns, lulled by the wood lark's glee,
And cushat's hymeneal song apart—
River of chieftains! whose baronial halls,
Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn steep,
Portunna's towers, Bunratty's regal walls,
Carrick's stern rock, the Geraldine's grey keep—
River of dark mementos!—must I close
My lips with Limerick's wrongs—with Aughrim's woes?
A. de V.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

SILENT LOVE.

From his eyes one morn in play
Cupid tore the veil away,
Which on his rosy lips he bound—
But what a fatal change he found!
Vainly he sought his power to prove,
When silent was the voice of love.
M. de V.

MADRIGAL.

Sur les lèvres de mon Elise,
L'Amour heureux repose;
Et n'en soyez pas surpris—
Il aime nul et de roses.
Mtta. S.

LINES.

Oh! have you ne'er felt, in those gayest of hours,
When Pleasure crowns Time with a chaplet of flowers,
When laughter and wit on your ear gaily fall,
And music's dear sounds, that are sweetest of all,
The heart that with rapture beat high in your breast,
Grow cold with a feeling that *can't* be expressed?
And the smile on your cheek, that was glowing so bright,
Beam faintly as twilight when fading to night?
Whilst the sound of gay voices passed over your ear,
Like the knell of some hope that your bosom held dear,
Tho' vainly your spirit has spurn'd the chain
That entwining your heart, turn'd its pleasure to pain.
How often, alas! o'er my shuddering soul,
(Like the snake under flowers) that feeling has stole;
For it ever has chosen the happiest hour,
To banish my joy with its withering power;
And well, ah! too well, when my soul felt its chill,
I've known 'twas an omen that boded me ill—
For it comes like the moonings that off will arise
Amid green leaves that tremble, when feeling the sighs
Of a spirit, whose voice sadly murmuring, speaks
Of the storm's approach, ere in thunder it breaks.
Mtta. S.

THE DEATH OF OUR WISHES.

Oh! talk not of the hopes gone out like day,
In night's black darkness; talk not of the joys
Faded to gloom, or dropped with time away;
The all we cling to, but that death destroys!
Where are our very wishes, thoughts, beliefs?
All that made up the spirit of our mind—
The features of our heart, with its young griefs,
And gloe, whose freshness was as mountain winds:
Where are our former selves? Once did we think
Ever to live till some deep-graven hours
Should be like weed-choked spots from which we shrink?
Caring not to recall how full of flowers,
Their memory was

They! they are gone—at rest, mere ashes cold
The wishes now and dreams of long ago;
We give a faint smile to the days of old—
" 'Tis past, we would not that it had been so: "

Aye they are dead, how many a wish that *grew*
Within our bosom's altered soil; is dead!
Rooted from thence for others of a hue
As brilliant now, and with a breath unfled
And rich as theirs was then: but these, oh! heart
Latest to learn of all created things:
These thou believest never can depart!
What then! and are they chained (at last) thy bleeding
wings?

No! 'tis a mournfully pleasant thought;
These too shall flee away and be at rest.
Dead as the leaves that buried summers brought,
Melted and vanished as from earth's gay breast,
The deepest snows, in feathery softness showered
By winters gone, where naked boughs embowered
The moonlight of past years—*they* yet shall be:
The traceless Babylons of thought! and ye
Feelings which dream that death is not for you—
Be still! life's waves may sweep you out of view,
As though ye ne'er had been; and should they not—
Is not heaven's calmness near? there ye shall be *forgot*.
Z. Y.